THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 23, 1792.

Reflections on the Works of the Creation.

[From the Book of Nature, a Discourse on some of those Instances of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, which are within the reach of common Observation, written by the Rev. John Toogood, of Kington Magna, Dorset.]

THE learning of ages has been employed in examining the works of the creation, which, the more they are examined, the more do they proclaim their Almighty Author; for the history of nature is the history of the Creator's benefits to mankind; it is, as it were, an agreeable school, where we need only open our eyes and receive instruction: there we may learn God's greatness and our own littleness; his blessings, and the obligations those blessings lay upon us: it is a study equally important, easy, and agreeable; it will make us both virtuous and happy; will give dignity to leisure, and exalt amusement into devotion. A taste for the beauties of nature is most favourable to health, to innocence, and peace; its pleasures are ever new, and may be equally enjoyed by all mankind. Indeed it is our duty, as we have opportunity and ability, to enquire into the works of creation and Providence, and the greater progress we make in this study the stronger sense we shall have of the obligations we are under to our Maker. We cannot look upwards, or downwards, or around us, without perceiving ourselves encompassed with the blessings of Providence; all that shines in Heaven, and all that smiles on earth, proclaim a wise and a gracious God, "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working;" and, when considered as the provision of a

kind father for the support and happiness of his children, the best affections of our minds are awakened, and we are doubly happy, in what we receive, and in our thankfulness for it.

And who can avoid being thankful that considers how greatly and graciously the Almighty has been pleased to distinguish man; who alone, of all earthly creatures, possesses reason and speech, and can therefore perform a nobler service to his Maker than any other creature in the world? All the creatures of God, indeed, fulfil their appointed services; but the brutes are ignorant of him who clothes and feeds them; the sun himself knows not his Maker. Man alone knows that he is in the presence of his God; man alone knows what he receives from the bounty of Providence. It would be great stupidity not to know the value of our Creator's gifts, and shocking ingratitude not to apply them to the purposes for which they were bestowed; and it is the religious use of knowledge that alone makes it valuable, and "giveth true wisdom and understanding." That learning which tends to no good purpose is a vain and useless labour, ending commonly in pride and folly. Could we speak, like Solomon, "of every herb from the cedar to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" could we "measure the Heavens, tell the number of the stars, and call them all by their names," without looking up to their Maker, and praising him; our knowledge would be worse than ignorance. He who can contemplate the works of creation without veneration and gratitude, is more void of useful knowledge than the most unlearned man, who, without any curious examination into the works of God, sees enough to lead him to pay his constant adoration and thanks to the great and good Being who created and sustains the world, and continues to shower down his benefits and blessings to mankind. To fill our heads with the knowledge of nature without directing our thoughts to its great Author; to be sensible of the Creator's favours and blessings without being more religious, is unpardonable. The prospect of nature was laid before us in order to inspire us with sentiments of love and duty towards the Giver of every good Gift; it was not intended only to satisfy our curiosity, but to affect our minds with a lively and lasting sense of his benefits.

God is to be seen in all his works, and it becomes us to glorify him in them all. The "grass for the cattle, the green herb for the service of men;" the flowers of the field; trees of all kinds, the humblest shrub, no less than the lofty pine, or the majestic oak; "beasts and all cattle, and all creeping things;" mountains and all hills, together with the fountains and rivers

descending

descending from them, wandering through the vallies, and emptying themselves into, that world of wonders, the sea; "the fishes of the sea and the feathered fowls;" darkness and light; night and day; the sun, moon, and stars, never weary nor wandering in their courses; these all "declare the glory of God," proclaim his Providence, and praise him and magnify him for ever. But it is through the mouth of man that their songs of praise must be conveyed. Reason and speech, whereby God "teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of Heaven," seem to mark out man as the priest of nature, the minister and interpreter of the gratitude of other creatures, without whom all the creation would be, in a manner, dumb.

Let us then lend our voices to all the works of God, and we shall all speak the same language, and join with one voice in this song of praise, "Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord, God Almighty; in wisdom hast thou made them all. And worthy art thou, O Lord, to receive honour, and glory, and power; for thou hast created all things for thy glory."

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(*Continued from Page* 43.)

LULLED into security, an accident happened, that will appear almost incredible, and by which every hope was nearly frustrated.

Gefhardt had been working with me, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which I was obliged to remove on these occasions, it fell out of my hand, and three of the glass panes were broken. Gefhardt was not to return till guard was again relieved; I had, therefore, no opportunity of speaking with him, or concerting any mode of repair. I remained nearly an hour conjecturing and hesitating; for, certainly, had the broken window been seen, as it was impossible I should reach it when fettered, I should immediately have been more rigidly examined, and the false grating must have been discovered.

I therefore

I therefore came to a resolution, and spoke to the centinel, who was amusing himself with whistling, thus: "My good fellow, have pity, not upon me, but upon your comrades, who, should you refuse, will certainly be executed: I will throw you thirty pistoles through the window, if you will do me a small favour." He remained some moments silent, and at last answered, in a low voice, "What! have you money then?" —I, immediately, counted thirty pistoles, and threw them through the window. He asked to know what he was to do: I told my difficulty, and gave him the size of the panes, in paper. The man, fortunately, was bold and prudent. The door of the palisadoes, through the negligence of the officer, had not been shut that day: He prevailed on one of his comrades to stand centinel for him, during half an hour, while he, mean time, ran into the town, and procured the glass, on the receipt of which I instantly threw him out ten more pistoles. Before the hour of noon and visitation came, every thing was once more reinstated, my glaziery performed to a miracle, and the life of my worthy Gefhardt preserved.

I now continued my labour, and found it very possible to break out under the foundation; but Gefhardt had been so terrified, by the late accident, that he started a thousand difficulties, in proportion as my end was more nearly accomplished; and, at the moment when I wished to concert with him the means of flight, he persisted it was necessary to find additional help, to escape in safety, and not bring both him and myself to destruction.—At length, we came to the following determination, which, however, after eight months incessant labour past, rendered my whole project abortive.

I wrote once more to Ruckhardt, at Vienna; sent him a new assignment for money, and desired he would again repair to Gummern, where he should wait six several nights, with two spare horses, on the glacis of Klosterbergen, at the time appointed, every thing being prepared for flight. Within these six days, Gefhardt would have found means, either in rotation, or by exchanging the guard, to have been with me. Alas! the sweet hope of again beholding the face of the sun, of once more obtaining my freedom, endured but three days: Providence thought proper otherwise to ordain. Gefhardt sent his wife to Gummern, with the letter, and this silly woman told the post-master her husband had a lawsuit at Vienna, that, therefore, she begged he would take particular care of the letter, for which purpose she slipped ten rix-dollars into his hand.

This

This unexpected liberality raiſed the ſuſpicions of the Saxon poſt-maſter, who, therefore, opened the letter, read the contents, and, inſtead of ſending it to Vienna, or, at leaſt, to the general poſt-maſter at Dreſden, he preferred the traitorous act of taking it, himſelf, to the Governor of Magdeburg, who then, as at preſent, was Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwic.

What were my terrors, what my deſpair, when I beheld the Prince himſelf, about three o'clock in the afternoon, enter my priſon, with his attendants, preſent my letter, and aſk, in an authoritative voice, who had carried it to Gummern.—My anſwer was, I knew not. Strict ſearch was immediately made, by ſmiths, carpenters, and maſons, and, after half an hour's examination, they diſcovered neither my hole, nor the manner in which I diſencumbered myſelf of my chains; they only ſaw that the middle grating, in the aperture where the light was admitted, had been removed. This was boarded up the next day, and only a ſmall air-hole left, of about ſix inches diameter.

The Prince began to threaten; I perſiſted I had never ſeen the centinel, who had rendered me this ſervice, nor aſked his name. Prince Ferdinand ſtood, for a moment, unable to anſwer, then renewed his threats, and left my dungeon. I have been ſince told that, when he was out of hearing, he ſaid to thoſe round him, "I pity his hard fate, and cannot but admire his ſtrength of mind!"

He had ſcarcely been gone an hour, before I heard a noiſe near my priſon. I liſtened—What could it be? I heard talking, and learned a grenadier had hanged himſelf to the paliſadoes of my priſon!

The officer of the guard, and the Town-Major, again entered my dungeon to fetch a lanthorn they had forgotten, and the officer, at going out, told me, in a whiſper, "One of your aſſociates has juſt hanged himſelf."

It is impoſſible to impart my terror or ſenſations; I believed it could be only my kind, my honeſt Geſhardt. After many gloomy thoughts, and lamenting the unhappy end of ſo worthy a fellow, I began to recollect what the Prince had promiſed me, if I would diſcover my accomplice. I knocked at the door, deſired to ſpeak to the officer; he came to the window and aſked what I wanted; I requeſted he would inform the Governor that, if he would ſend me light, pen, ink, and paper, I would diſcover my whole ſecret.

Theſe were accordingly ſent; an hour's time was granted; the door was ſhut, and I left alone. I ſat myſelf down, began to write on my night-table, and was about to inſert the name of

Geſhardt,

Gefhardt, but my blood thrilled, and fhrunk back to my heart. I fhuddered, rofe, went to the aperture of the window, and called, "Is there no man who, in compaffion, will tell me the name of him who has hanged himfelf, that I may deliver many others from deftruction?" The window was not nailed up till the next day; I, therefore, wrapped five piftoles in a paper, threw them out, called to the centinel, and faid, "Friend, take thefe, and fave thy comrades; or, go, betray me, and bring down innocent blood upon thy head!"

The paper was taken up; a paufe of filence enfued; I heard fighs, and prefently after, a low voice faid, "His name is Schütz, he belonged to the company of Ripps."—I had never heard the name before, or known the man, but I, however, immediately wrote Schütz, inftead of Gefhardt. Having finifhed the letter, I called the Lieutenant, who took that and the light away, and again barred up the door of my dungeon. The Duke, however, fufpected there muft be fome collufion, and every thing remained in the fame ftate; I obtained neither hearing or court-martial. I learned in the fequel, the following circumftances, which will difplay the truth of this apparently incredible ftory.

While I was imprifoned in the citadel, a centinel came to the poft under my window, curfed and blafphemed, exclaimed aloud—"Damn the Pruffian fervice! If Trenck only knew my mind, he would not long continue in his infernal hole!" I entered into difcourfe with him, and he told me, if I could give him money to purchafe a boat, in which he might crofs the Elbe, he would foon make my doors fly open, and fet me free.

Money at that time I had none; but I gave him a diamond fhirt buckle, worth five hundred florins, which I had concealed. I never heard more from this man; he fpoke to me no more. He often ftood centinel over me, which I knew by his Weftphalian dialect, and I as often addreffed myfelf to him, but ineffectually, he would make no anfwer.

This Schütz muft have fold my buckle, and let his riches be feen; for, when the Duke left me, the Lieutenant on guard faid to him—"You muft, certainly, be the rafcal who carried Trenck's letter; you have, for fome time paft, fpent much money, and we have feen you with louis-d'ors. How came you by them?" Schütz was terrified, his confcience accufed him, he imagined I fhould betray him, knowing he had deceived me. He, therefore, in the firft agonies of defpair, came to the palifades, and hung himfelf before the door of my dungeon.

How

How wonderful is the hand of Providence! The wicked man fell a facrifice to his crime, after having efcaped a whole year, and the faithful, the benevolent-hearted, Gefhardt was thereby faved.

The centinels were now doubled, that any intercourfe with them might be rendered more difficult. Gefhardt again ftood guard, but he had fcarcely opportunity, without danger, to fpeak a few words: He thanked me for having preferved him, wifhed me better fortune, and told me the garrifon, in a few days, would take the field.

This was dreadful news: My whole plan was deftroyed at a breath. I, however, foon recovered frefh hopes. The hole I had funken was not difcovered: I had five hundred florins, candles, and implements.

The feven years war broke out about a week after, and the regiments took the field. Major Weyner came, for the laft time, and committed me to the care of the new Major of the militia, Bruckhaufen, who was one of the moft furly and ftupid of men. I fhall often have occafion to mention this man.

All the Majors and Lieutenants of the guard, who had treated me with compaffion and efteem, now departed, and I became an old prifoner in a new world. I acquired greater confidence, however, by remembering that both officers and men in the militia were much eafier to gain over than in the regulars; the truth of which opinion was foon confirmed to me.

Four Lieutenants were appointed, with their men, to mount guard at the Star-Fort in turn, and, before a year had paffed, three of them were in my intereft.

The regiments had fcarcely taken the field ere the new Governor, General Borck, entered my prifon like what he was, an imperious, cruel tyrant. The King, in giving him the command, had informed him he muft anfwer for my perfon with his head; he, therefore, had full power to treat me with whatever feverity he pleafed.

Borck was a ftupid man, of an unfeeling heart, the flave of defpotic orders, and, as often as he thought it poffible I might rid myfelf of my fetters, and efcape, his heart palpitated with fear. In addition to this, he confidered me as the vileft of men and traitors, feeing his King had condemned me to imprifonment fo cruel, and his barbarity toward me was thus the effect of character, and meannefs of foul. He entered my dungeon not as an officer, to vifit a brother officer in mifery, but as an

executioner

executioner to a felon. Smiths then made their appearance, and a monstrous iron collar, of a hand's breadth, was put round my neck, and connected with the chains of the feet by additional heavy links. My window was walled up, except a small air-hole. He even, at length, took away my bed, gave me no straw, and quitted me with a thousand revilings on the Empress Queen, her whole army, and myself. In words, however, I was little in his debt, and he was enraged even to madness.

(To be continued.)

The ERROR *of a* GOOD FATHER:

A TALE.

By M. MARMONTEL.

(Continued from Page 68.)

"I Found at his house a garden that was really in a most desirable state of cultivation, and a little Natalie, nine years old, and as beautiful as the face of day.

"You see," said he, "in this amiable child, the greatest comfort of my solitude. She is not indebted to me for life; but the habit of loving one another is become so natural to us, that the tie of adoption well supplies the place of that of blood. When I married her mother, the widow of M. de Leonval, a Captain of Grenadiers, killed at the attack of Denain, I adopted this child, whom he had left destitute, and felt a pride in thus discharging the debt of my country toward so brave a man.—Natalie already bid fair to be one of the most amiable disposition, and almost as dear to me as her mother; she rendered our union still more tender and happy, but my happiness was of short duration; and Natalie and myself were soon left to weep, she a good mother, and I an excellent wife." "My dear," said she, on her death-bed, "I bequeath you my child; she is all I possess in the world. Be to her a father and mother." "I promised her I would, and I keep my word; but as I have no longer a fortune to leave the dear girl, I bring her up in all the simplicity of rural manners and pleasures. This farm shall be her portion and this house her own."

"I do not know what was M. de Nelcour's idea in speaking to me thus; but as for me, from that very moment, I thought I saw some probability in the hope of being one day or other

Natalie's

Natalie's husband; and conceived a fondness for her, which passing through all the degrees of friendship suited to her age and mine, at last grew into love as soon as love was in season.

"Beloved myself by M. de Nelcour, our labours, our studies, our walks, the attention we paid to the education of Natalie, the most precious of our plants, every thing was in common between us. Our days were entirely taken up, and our nights were peaceful. The months and seasons passed away as swiftly as thought; and M. de Nelcour was for ever telling us, that he had left nothing in the world worthy of his regret. But I had left a father there; and his image was incessantly before my eyes, reproaching me with being happy out of his sight.

"The interesting and lovely Natalie repaid our cares with a charming docility. Thanks to the active life she led in following our example, her shape, as she grew up, displayed a thousand charms; it was as supple as the shrubs she had planted; her complexion was as brilliant as the flowers, and as fresh as the fruit her hands had cultivated; and dressed no better than a common country girl, sometimes with a pruning hook in her hand, and sometimes with a basket on her head, or under her arm, you would have taken her for the goddess, with whose gifts she was loaded.

"Farewell study," said Voltaire, "the garden will engross every thing." 'Oh! no,' replied Cideville, 'study had its turn; and then it was that the mind of Natalie, her temper, and the sentiments by which she was animated, shone forth with all their lustre, in a thousand sallies of ingenuous disposition.'

"Natalie, said Alexis, "perceived, as well as I, the progress a mutual friendship was making in both our breasts; but it was far from giving either of us any uneasiness. Pleased at being together, and taken up with each other, she with her charming gaiety, and I with my melancholy, we breathed love as others do air, and enjoyed the sight of each other as others do the light of day, a happy security banishing all idea of danger from our minds. But the time came when M. de Nelcour, more clear-sighted and less infatuated than we were, durst no longer abandon us to ourselves on the strength of our innocence; and when Natalie had completed her sixteenth year, he resolved either to know from me whether I was a suitable match for her, or to remove me from his house.

"Alexis," said he, "I think I have waited long enough for your confidence: Though due to my friendship, and though

constantly withheld, I will not complain. But at your time of life, prudence forbids your longer stay, unless sanctified by the best of titles: It is your's to say whether you have any right to pretend to it."

"Yes, Sir, I have that right," said I; "my birth gives it me, although it is withheld by my ill fortune. I labour under the disgrace of a father, alas! cruelly deceived, and not less to be pitied than I; for he is beset by the enemies of his blood, and it is of his very goodness that they take the advantage. A just, but a weak man, it is his secret, alas! rather than my own, that I thought it my duty to conceal from you. I did not name him, because I did not wish to be his accuser, because I would not reduce you yourself to the cruel necessity either of giving me up to his anger, or of concealing me from him. Do not then blame this pious silence, which gives me already too much pain. You shall know who I am, when Heaven shall have restored to me the indulgence and the affection of a father. Then, if it be not too late, Alexis will lay at the feet of Natalie, at the feet of your amiable child, the fortune his birth will permit him to hope for. Till then, I bid you farewell, with a heart full of regret, gratitude, and affection. Do not forget me, Sir; deign still to love one who will ever revere you."

"My friend," said he, "it is a satisfaction to me to know, that your silence proceeded from so virtuous a sentiment. Woe to the children, whose complaints reveal their father's wrongs. But I should be guilty of a great one toward you, if I let you leave me, without providing you with a place: I have one to propose to you. At no great distance from home, near Neufchatel, in the village of Flamais, lives a respectable man, who retired thither some time ago; and who has chosen, I am told, the same occupation as myself. He is looking out for an able gardener; and I think I am sufficiently known to him to recommend you; it is the President de Vaneville."

"You will easily conceive the emotion I felt at the mention of this name. I was so struck with astonishment, that I could hardly breathe, and I felt my voice dying away upon my lips. He saw me pale, deprived of speech, and motionless; but he attributed this suspension of my faculties to my love for Natalie, and to the violence I did my heart. "Come, my friend, courage," said he, "it is no doubt a painful resolution we have taken to part; but our situation renders it inevitable."

"I made no answer: My thoughts were far different from what he supposed. I was burning with the desire of returning

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to my father: But I thought I ſhould find him with my mortal enemy and her two children. What kind of a reception was I about to meet with?"

"The man to whom I am going to propoſe you," added M. de Nelcour, "is probity itſelf; and every body agrees that he conceals a great deal of goodneſs under an air of auſterity. He is melancholy, but his melancholy renders him interesting, for he is much to be pitied! He has loſt his wife and his two children, the only hopes of his old age, and lives alone at Flamais, a prey to grief. I hope it will be a conſolation to him to have ſo good, and ſo worthy a young man as you in the houſe."

"I was ſtrongly affected by this ſudden news; but inſtead of the joy it might have occaſioned, the ſentiment that ſeized me was a religious one; for in ſuch rapid misfortunes, I thought I ſaw, I muſt confeſs, a ſupernatural chaſtiſement. You will readily ſuppoſe, that from that moment my reſolution was taken. "Yes, Sir," ſaid I, "write to him, offer my ſervices to the virtuous and ſolitary man; but do not tell him any thing you know reſpecting me."

"He wrote, ſpoke much in praiſe of my manners, and of my knowledge of gardening and farming, and, without giving any hint of my firſt education, made himſelf anſwerable for my good behaviour. I was accepted, and ſet off; but my impatience to ſee my father did not make me inſenſible to the regret of leaving my dear Natalie. "Adieu, Mademoiſelle," ſaid I; "in bidding you farewell, I do not give up the hope of ſerving you. May the young trees we have planted and tended together, ſometimes recall Alexis to your remembrance. May you, in gathering the apples and peaches that reſemble you, deſire that Alexis were there to gather them with you."

"The dear girl let fall a tear; and ſaid to me, in a voice that touched me to the heart, "Farewell, Alexis, I ſhould be very ſorry if I were to ſee you no more. Do not forget Natalie."

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARACTER *of* GEORGE II.

From "Anecdotes of the Earl of Chatham."

THIS Prince, though not born in this country, was educated in thoſe principles by which the nation roſe to

 power

power and happineſs, and gloried in being the King of a free people. He carried the power and commerce of the nation to a degree which they had never till then attained.

Abroad, he eſtabliſhed the importance, the honour, and dignity of his Crown, upon a footing not known before his time to a King of this country, and made the name of Engliſhman reſpectable in every corner of the world. No foreign power trifled with his reſentment, or deſpoiled his people with impunity.

It hath been ſaid that he had prejudices; and the aſſertion, from Tories and Jacobites, ſhould not ſurpriſe us. The nation was benefitted by the prejudices of this Prince; abroad they operated againſt the natural enemies of the kingdom; at home, againſt the enemies of the national freedom and of the Proteſtant Eſtabliſhment made at the Revolution: Againſt thoſe who preferred the odious tyrannical government of the accurſed race of Stuart to the mild and legal government of the Houſe of Hanover; againſt thoſe who held to the divine, indefeaſible, hereditary right of Princes and to the ſlaviſh doctrines of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance; thoſe men, who, when in poſſeſſion of power, in every inſtance, have driven hard to the deſtruction of England, and from whoſe pernicious projects this country has been more than once ſaved by almoſt miraculous interpoſition.

If he headed a party, it was the moſt glorious of all parties —the national freedom; if he encouraged and ſupported a particular ſet of men, it was thoſe who diſtinguiſhed themſelves moſt in their attachment to that cauſe; if he was averſe to another ſet, he was only averſe to them as public men; averſe to their being in the firſt departments of the ſtate, becauſe their maxims of Government were incompatible with the happineſs of his people; and when he did employ them, which he did more frequently than they deſerved to have been, he took care to put it out of their power to practiſe their miſchievous principles, by diſtributing them chiefly among the ſubaltern officers of the State, and by keeping a ſufficient number of Whigs in the higher departments to watch and over-rule their pernicious projects. If he loved war, he made not his own ſubjects the objects of his vengeance. Foreign, national, natural, manly war, upon Britiſh principles, in defence of Britiſh rights, he indeed entered into, proſecuted with ardour, and reaped the moſt glorious conſequences from, for this country.

He was honeſt, wiſe, brave, and liberal. Capable of opening his heart to new connections, he did not contract and give

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it up to one man; but when the voice of his people demanded it, he yielded up the object of his choice, and received the object of their's to his bosom. The greatest of his favourites, if he ever had any in the criminal sense of that term, were made to yield. Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle, who by long lives of useful service, had well earned the favour of this Monarch, had each their favourite measures, and at different periods were compelled to sacrifice an excise scheme, and a Jew bill, and finally their places to the demands of his peopl. He received Mr. Pitt from the people, as the gift of the people; and when the public good required a sacrifice of that resentment which had been excited in his mind, by the Parliamentary conduct of that person, who had opposed his best and most favoured servants with unusual violence, he made it with manliness and dignity.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

KING's BENCH.

PERRY *versus Messrs.* HONWIX *and* PIERSON.

FRIDAY June 29, was tried before Lord Kenyon, at Guildhall, an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendants, as proprietors of a stage-coach, to recover a compensation in damages for the injury the plaintiff had sustained by the coachman's negligently overturning the carriage, in consequence of which the plaintiff's wife had both her arms broke, the arteries of her eye dreadfully cut, and afterwards expired.

It appeared, by the evidence of two witnesses for the plaintiff, that the driver of the coach was the defendant Honwix; that he drank upon the road so often as to be much intoxicated; he took up some drunken outside passengers, with whom he amused himself in idle pleasantries; that he drove more like a madman than a skillful driver; that when he pass'd Lee-bridge, he drove the coach furiously upon a bank, where it overturned; the plaintiff's wife was taken out of it in a lamentable condition; both her arms were broke; the arteries of her eye were cut; she continued in a state of insensibility till the day of her death.

Mr. Wren, a surgeon, attended Mrs. Perry; he found two fractures on one of her arms, and one on the other; but he did not impute her death to this accident, as she appeared to

labour

labour under a dropsical complaint, and to have a complication of disorders.

Four witnesses, on the part of the defendant, swore, that the coachman (Honwix) did not appear to be drunk; that he did not drive furiously; that the accident was occasioned by the fall of one of the horses. The coach, they said, was not drove on the bank, as stated by the plaintiff's witnesses.

Lord Kenyon considered this action to be of great public importance. To entitle the plaintiff to a verdict, it was not enough that the accident had happened; it ought to be proved, that it was the effect of negligence on the part of the coachman. His Lordship then made several judicious comments upon the whole of the evidence; after which the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages 100l.

PLANK *against* ANDERSON, *Esq.* *&c.*

THIS was an action brought against the defendants, Sheriffs of the county of Middlesex.

Lord William Murray being the indorsee of two notes of hand, was arrested on a *Capias*; and being carried to the house of a Sheriff's officer, remained there beyond the time when the writ was returnable, and when he ought to have been delivered to the custody of one of the county jailors. An *alias Capias* was therefore issued against him, the plaintiff conceiving that the Sheriffs, through the medium of one of their officers, had not performed their duty, and had adopted a mode of conduct almost tantamount to suffering his Lordship to make an escape.

Mr. Wright, the officer to whom his Lordship had been entrusted, confessed that he had kept him after the return of the writ; but he had been actuated by motives which did him infinite honour. While his Lordship was in his house, Lady William Murray would not quit him; and being far advanced in her pregnancy, intreated leave to lie-in in his house. To this he was induced from motives of humanity to accede, and also to permit Lord William to remain with his Lady during the time of her indisposition. With respect to having suffered his Lordship to make his escape, he declared, that he was never out of his custody. Having a cause pending before the Cabinet Council, he had accompanied him thither, but he had never been out of his sight during the whole time that was occupied in the transaction of this business.

The

The plaintiff's Counſel candidly allowed that this was not a caſe for damages.

A verdict of one ſhilling was given to the plaintiff; and a point of law ariſing out of the action, relative to the nature of the different writs, was reſerved for the opinion of the Court.

Thornton *againſt* Lyon.

THIS was an action to recover the amount of a promiſſory note given to the plaintiff for board and lodging.

The hand writing of the defendant, and the execution of the note, were proved by two witneſſes produced on the part of the plaintiff.

In anſwer to this evidence it was ſtated, that the note was granted for expences incurred in a brothel kept by the plaintiff; that the defendant was inſane; and that he had adopted a ſimilar mode of conduct at two other brothels, Sterling's and Hooper's.

Lord Kenyon ſtating that an action founded on profligacy and immorality would not lie, directed the plaintiff to be nonſuited.

Tuesday, July 3.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a Common Jury.

Mortimer *againſt* Lord Mazareene.

THIS was an action for goods ſold and delivered.

The plaintiff lived in the Strand, and is a gun-maker. The defendant is the Earl of Mazareene, of the kingdom of Ireland, who had the misfortune to be ſhut up in the Baſtille in Paris. When he was ſet free, he ordered firſt four, and then ſix guns of the plaintiff, for the purpoſe of ſporting. They were ordered to be made in a particular manner, and for ſhooting particular animals. His Lordſhip, in his letter to the plaintiff, told him they muſt be plain and ſimple, of a black or brown colour, and for goodneſs muſt not be ſurpaſſed by any in the world. Two of theſe guns were to be made for killing hares, partridges, wood-cocks, &c. and the others for killing wild boars, ſtags, bulls, &c. The learned Counſel thought the Noble Earl by this order meant to make a general attack on ſomething like the Ark of Noah.

The

The plaintiff's brother proved that these guns were made and sent to Paris, directed to the Duke of Dorset, the then English Ambassador at Paris, exactly in conformity to the noble defendant's letter.

Mr. Mingay, for the defendant, contended that the agreement between the parties was, that the plaintiff should not be paid till the defendant had received the goods; and that, although they were put on board the ship Molly, they never reached the Duke of Dorset.

The plaintiff's brother said, it was well known the guns were at Monsieur Perigord's, the Banker, at Paris; and that the Earl of Mazareene might have them whenever he pleased. The amount of the demand was 115l. 15s.

Verdict for plaintiff 115l. 15s.

MONDAY, July 9.

LADY ELIZABETH LAMBERT *against* TATTERSAL.

THIS was an action brought by the Right Hon. Elizabeth Lambert against Mr. Tattersal, the proprietor of the Morning Post, for a libel: The words of which we shall not state, as it was perfectly without foundation.

Mr. Bearcroft stated, that this action was brought by Lady Elizabeth Lambert, the daughter of the late Earl of Cavan. She had the misfortune to lose her father. She was a young lady unmarried, and about the age of nineteen. Although this young lady had the misfortune to lose her father, yet she was considerably recompenced by the amiable character, the exemplary conduct and uncommon good sense of a very affectionate mother, under whose protection at the time of the publication of this scandalous libel she was at Southampton. Some of the Jury might have seen, all of them might have heard, of her uncommon beauty, which was undoubtedly the theme of the public. If the Jury knew her, they knew she was entitled to far greater praise; she was justly the pride of her family and the joy of her friends and acquaintances; she was in the enjoyment of that calm satisfaction which is the result of a happy station, and of an innocent life. She might have entertained, and probably had, prospects of preferment in marriage, which no young woman in the kingdom at that time was better entitled to entertain. What must have been her feelings; how must her mother and her relations have been shocked, when in a

public

public newſpaper ſhe ſaw five or ſix publications at different times for two months together?

This young lady was charged with being ſo forgetful of every thing that was due to the pride of her ſtation, to the pride of her ſex, that ſhe condeſcended to have a criminal intercourſe with her own ſervant.

After every thing was proved that was neceſſary on the part of the plaintiff,

Mr. Erſkine made an admirable ſpeech for the defendant in mitigation of damages. Mr. Tatterſal, the horſe-dealer, he ſaid, lived principally in the Iſle of Ely, and did not know what was going forward in this great city. He underſtood, that the author of theſe paragraphs had been diſcovered, and no man more deſerved puniſhment. He hoped, however, that the Jury would give a moderate verdict againſt the defendant, who was as heartily ſorry for theſe paragraphs as the young lady herſelf, or any of her relations, could be; beſides, ſhe had ſuſtained no injury by them, as her innocence was manifeſt to the whole world.

After the uſual ſumming up from Lord Kenyon, the Jury retired about an hour, and brought in a verdict for the plaintiff —Damages 4000l.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Field preacher in one of the provinces, from the ſtrength of his lungs, and length of his extemporary harangues, being for ſome months attended by a more numerous congregation than the parſon of the pariſh, began to think himſelf the more orthodox man. Fraught with this idea, he one Sunday evening went to the veſtry room, waited until the ſervice was concluded, and very rudely attacked the clergyman, telling him he came to convince him, to confound him, and to convert him by the word! This was followed by the recital of a thouſand texts from various parts of the holy ſcriptures, ſo combined as to prove whatever he wiſhed; and concluded by, "this is all from the Bible, and by the Bible I deſire to abide; anſwer me by the ſame book." The clergyman being a man of ſome humour, after hearing him with much patience, very coolly aſked this labourer in the vineyard if he recollected a text in the Book of Kings, where it is written, "Then Achitophel ſet his houſe in order, and went and hanged himſelf."—"Certainly," replied the man, "I know it to be ſcripture."—

"Good," added the divine; "Examine the gofpel of St. Luke, and you will find it written, *Go and do thou likewife.* This I earneftly recommend, and fo farewell."

An extraordinary Inftance of Longevity.

JOHN MINNIKEN, now living at Maryport, Cumberland, was born in the parifh of Bridekirk, in July, 1681; confequently he is within a few days of attaining to the age of one hundred and eleven years! That he is feeble it may appear unneceffary to add; but he can walk, and his faculties are lefs impaired than might be expected; his voice is ftrong; he yet retains his fight, and his memory feems very perfect. His hearing has failed much more than the other fenfes.

He related, not long ago, an anecdote refpecting himfelf, at which he laughed very heartily. About thirty years ago, he fold his head of hair to a perfon in a neighbouring town, for a penny loaf per day, during the remainder of his life; the hair was cut off, and a note given for the performance of covenants on the part of the purchafer, who failed foon after.

It is further worthy of remark, that more than twenty wigs have been made of the hair of this fingular perfonage, and that he poffeffes at this time, fuch an abundance as few people can boaft, even in the vigour of youth.

AN ANECDOTE.

SIR ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON, who had been appointed Lord Regifter of Scotland, by the Protector Oliver, having had fentence of forfeiture and death paffed upon him, by the firft Parliament of Charles the Second, was obliged to go abroad, in order to avoid the furious perfecution of his enemies, but even there did their inveterate malice purfue him, in a moft fingular manner. Sir Archibald being vifited, while at Hamburgh, with a fore fit of ficknefs, and hearing that Doctor Bates, one of King Charles's Phyficians, was there, fent for him, little fufpecting that he was one of the worft of all his enemies; and, indeed, if Sir Archibald had, he muft have prefumed that he would fcarcely proftitute his medical character, for the diabolical purpofe he did; for intending to deftroy Sir Archibald, Bates, (contrary to his faith, and the duty of his office,) actually prefcribed poifon, inftead of phyfick,

phyſick, and cauſed likewiſe 16 ounces of blood to be taken from him, whereby Sir Archibald was ſo much reduced that he was nearly brought to the gates of death, and he ſo far loſt his memory, that he could not recollect what he had either ſaid or done one quarter of an hour before, and continued in that deplorable ſtate until the time of his diſſolution.

An ANECDOTE.

I Never, ſays a perſon who knew little about the Doctor, ſaw Orator Henley but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-houſe, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and ſeating himſelf in the ſame box, the following dialogue paſſed between them:

Henley. Pray what is become of our old friend Dick Smith? I have not ſeen him for ſeveral years.

Gentleman. I really don't know. The laſt time that I heard of him he was at Ceylon, or ſome of our ſettlements in the Weſt Indies.

Henley, (with ſome ſurpriſe) at Ceylon, or ſome of our ſettlements in the Weſt Indies! My good Sir, in one ſentence you have made two miſtakes. Ceylon is not one of our ſettlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is ſituated, not in the Weſt, but in the Eaſt Indies.

Gentleman, (with ſome heat.) That I deny!

Henley. More ſhame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.

Gentleman, (in a cooler tone of voice.) Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about theſe ſort of things.

Henley. What, you thank God for your *ignorance*, do you?

Gentleman, (in a violent rage.) I do, Sir. What then?

Henley. Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for.

Anſwer, by an Arpenteur de Pais, of Crediton, to J. Duckham's Queſtion, inſerted April 2.

LET x repreſent the baſe, and y the perpendicular, then per queſtion $xx+yy=625$ and $\frac{xy}{y}$ = area, and as 6:7::

$\frac{xy}{\quad}$: xx—yy. This equation ſolved gives x=20 and y=5. Hence the ſides are 15, 20, and 25.

† We have received the like anſwer from T. Taylor, of Bickington; W. Stephens junior, of St. Hillary; Fidelio, and Curioſus, both of Bath; P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; C. Skewes, of Gwennap; and W. Davies jun. of Kenwyn.

Anſwer, by Richard Hawkey of Creed, to W. W.'s Charade, inſerted May 7.

THE *Fox* with eager ſteps is often ſeen,
Moſt nimbly ſkipping o'er the green;
And *Gloves* are often worn by ladies fair,
To keep them from the chilling air;
On hills my whole with eaſe you'll find,
FOX-GLOVES to Flora's tribe combin'd.

‖*‖ We have received the like anſwer from W. Brewer, and A. Apſey, of Taunton; T. Giles, of Bridgewater; W. Board, Offwell; Alphonſo, of St. Auſtell; Oenus, near Tregony; Jane Mitchell, Polruan, near Fowey; W. Eddy, of Tywardreath; T. Taylor, of Bickington; J. K. Coles, near Wells; and J. Collins, of Uffculm.

Anſwer, by W. W. of Sturminſter Newton, to T. W——'s Enigma, inſerted May 7.

WITH the ſtrong briſtles of the boar ſo ſtout,
Is form'd a BRUSH—the theme you wrote about.

§ We have received the like anſwer from J. Arthur, of Egloſhayle; W. Eddy, Tywardreath; Lionel, near Totnes; T. Walker, Hemyock; Oenus, near Tregony; J. Collins, Uffculm; W. Tuttiett and W. G. J. Selwood, of Stockland School; R. Salter, Bodmin; Alphonſo, and J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell; W. Brewer and A. Apſey, Taunton; J. Rogers, T. Sparkes jun. H. Croſs, and M. Barret jun. of Exeter; A. Pinn, Exmouth; J. Gill jun. Stythians; S. Hill, Dawliſh; Amico Crewkernſienſis; W. Board, Offwell; R. Tucker, Broad Winſor; J. H. Lyme; T. Whibby, South Petherton; S. Shapton, Awliſcombe; and J. K. Coles, near Wells.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, *by Curiosus, of Bath.*

AN estate of 300l. per annum, after the decease of A. aged 25 years, is to be equally divided, between B. and C. aged 20 and 45, during their joint lives, and then it is to go entirely to the last survivor for life. It is proposed to find the value of B.'s expectation, the rate of interest being at four per cent.

An ANAGRAM, *by J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell.*

INVERT a serpent right and true,
What's strong will then appear in view.

A CHARADE, *by R. Dugger, of St. Austell.*

PARDON, kind bards, a youth that has no aim,
To wrench from genius the reward of fame;
To seek applause his merit cannot claim,
Or search for greatness from a borrow'd name.

Rise sable bird, (my first) portentuous rise,
And thro' the world thy sacred omens bear;
Proclaim, impress'd by instinct or the skies,
What Heaven itself would urge thee to declare.

But ah! what brutes have by my second bled,
Thro' the long period of revolving years;
'Tis worn by man when mounted on a steed
That o'er the plain his lawless tyrant bears.

Nor there alone; in more domestic strife,
Where each plum'd warrior rears his crested head;
While worse than brutes expect the victim's life,
Where savage shouts proclaim the vanquish'd dead.

When from these shades a bard shall say he drew,
And nice in order bade succession join;
A place in Yorkshire which I had in view,
For his reward my laurel I'll resign.

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⁂ *Enigmatical lists of the names of young ladies generally give offence, and cannot, therefore, have a place.*

POETRY.

On the Death of the amiable Mrs. Sheridan, Wife o Richard Brinſley Sheridan, Eſq. at Briſtol Hotwells.

AH! pay the tribute of a tender tear,
  As o'er theſe ſalutary ſprings you bend,
To her who late to every heart ſo dear,
  No ſtream could ſave, no med'cine could befriend.

Might virtue ſtay the clay-cold hand of death,
  Might beauty, elegance, the foe diſarm,
Eliza had not yet reſign'd her breath,
  Still had ſhe liv'd, and ſtill retain'd each charm.

For me who ne'er like Sheridan hath lov'd,
  Yet oft in others ſorrows take a part,
Well can I gueſs, altho I ne'er have prov'd,
  What 'tis to loſe the partner of one's heart!

Yet while reclining o'er Eliza's urn,
  Should Albion's welfare claim a patriot's care,
Swift let him to his guardian charge return,
  And in the arduous taſks of duty ſhare.

Let him reflect ſuperior minds were giv'n,
  Superior griefs to combat with ſucceſs,
To fill the ſtations mark'd for them by Heav'n,
  Not to be more than men, nor yet be leſs!

Briſtol Hotwells, July 9, 1792.

The SUPPLICATION.

AS the meek lamb on ſpring's green lap appears,
  Friſky and gladſome thro' each vernal day;

So,

So, thro' each period of my minor years,
As innocent was I, and full as gay.

Like him, too, ignorant that future harm
Would ever with my ripening moments close;
Eager I seiz'd, and cropp'd each rising charm,
Nor dreamt the thorn was underneath the rose.

For ah! full soon the landskip fades away,
And leaves the spirits torpid and forlorn;
The lamb to gluttony soon falls a prey,
By vice matur'd, soon budding worth is torn.

Ere the meridian of my days is come,
I'm doom'd to bear a weighty load of woes;
For where the fairest flow'rets us'd to bloom,
Nought save the wormwood and the thistle grows.

Chill penury, and heart-corroding care,
Are the attendants which upon me wait;
Firmly combin'd they cherish fell despair,
And frighten hope from ent'ring at my gate.

To ward the evils which hang o'er my head,
To clear the mists which float before my eyes,
Oh! gracious Providence! hold forth thy aid,
Or, like the lamb, make me a sacrifice.

A S O N G.

WHEN winter chills the dreary plain,
And binds the floods in chrystal chain,
If chance a transient sun-beam cheer
The heav'nly maid I most revere,
How have I wish'd that beam to be
For her who never thinks of me!

When burning summer's heats arise,
And languid nature drooping lies,
If chance a passing gale might bring
The cooling fragrance of the spring,
How have I wish'd that gale to be
For her who never thinks on me!

The morning dew that wets the rofe,
Its blooming tints more lovely fhows,
So on that angel face appears
The pearly luftre of her tears,
When other's woe fhe weeps to fee;
But Oh! fhe never thinks of me.

The trav'ller on fome mountain's fide,
Who dreads the dangers yet untried,
Amid the night's bewild'ring noon
Enraptur'd views the rifing moon:
So I rejoice the form to fee
Of her who never thinks of me.

Where'er her mournful footfteps go,
My thoughts attend in filent woe;
When clad in fmiles her charms appear,
My ravifh'd foul is ever near;
Nought can my vanquifh'd fancy fee,
But her who never thinks of me.

When round the youths in tranfport gaze,
And love forbids the pow'r of praife;
While fhe with artlefs mien beguiles,
And fweetly wounds with fatal fmiles;
Her triumphs ftill I'm fond to fee,
Altho' fhe never thinks of me.

Then go, fair hope! for ever go;
Here will I nourifh deareft woe;
For forrow's felf can fweets impart;
Sweet every pang that rends the heart,
And fweet to die 'twill furely be
For her, who never thinks of me.

CANZONET.

WHITE as the fleecy fhower of falling fnow,
My fair one's bofom with the fnow had vied,
Save where the azure veins to fight uprofe,
And mark'd the courfe of life's fupporting tide:
There fought a vagrant lock repofe to find,
Which with a rival hand away fhe threw,
And, as her treffes floated in the wind,
The paffing fun-beams caught their golden hue.